

THE
LAMENTABLE TRA-
gedie of OEDIPVS the
Sonne of LAIVS Kyng
of THEBES
out of Seneca.

By ALEXANDER
Neuyle.

Imprynted at London in Saint
Bydes Churchyarde: ouer a
gapst the North doore of
the Churche : by
Thomas Colwell.

1563.
28. Aprilis.

To the ryght Honorable Maister
Doctor Wotton: One of the
Quenes Maiesties priuie
Counsaile. Alexander
Neuyle wysheth
Health: with
encrease of
Honoꝝ.



When first right
honorable Syr, I
trauayled in the
translation of this
present Tragedie,
Written by the moſte graue, vertus
tuous & Chriſtian Ethenicke (for
ſo doubteth not *Erasmus* to terme
him) *Lucius Annæus Seneca*: I minded
nothyng leſſe, than that at any
tyme thus rudely transformed he
ſhoulde come into the Prynters
hands. for I to no other ende re
inued hym from his naturall and
loſtpe Style to our corrupt & baſe,

The Epistle.

or as al men aspyne it: most barbarous Language: but onely to satisfye the instant requestes of a fewemy familiar frendes, who thought to haue put it to the very same vse, that Seneca hymself in his Inuention pretended: Whiche was by the tragicall and pompous shewe vpon Stage, to admonish all men of theyr fickle Estates, To declare the vnconstant Head of waucring Fortune, her sodaine interchaunged and soone altered face, And lyuely to expresse the iust reuenge, & fearful punishmēt of horrible Crimes, wherwith the wretched worlde in these our myserable daies pyteously swarmeth. This caused me not to be to precise in folowynge the Authoꝝ worde for worde: but somtymes by Addition, somtymes by Subtraction, to vse the aptest Phrases in giuing y Sense that I coulde

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The Epistle

could inuent. Wherat a great
nombre I knowe wyl be more
offended than Reason or Widdom
wold they shoulde be.

Thus
as I framed it to one purpose: so
haue my frenzies (to whom I can
not well deny any thyng & frend-
shypes ryght may seeme iustly to re-
quyre) wrested it to another effect:
and by this meanes blowne it a-
broade, by ouer rashe & vnadvised
prynting. By whiche sonde dede
I knowe vndoubtedly I shal receiue
& poisoned Infamies, of a nombre
of venemous tonges. Wherfore
(ryght honorable Syr:) as I giue
these the first fructes of my tra-
uayle vnto you: Declarynge therein
the great good wyl & dutie that
I owe vnto your Honor, for the
vertuous Liberalitie of your noble
mynde: so am I driuen humbly to
reugyre your strong ayde, & assured
Defence against the sclauderous
a.iiii. assaults

The Epistle

assaults of such malicious mouths,
whiche obtaynd: I shalbe the bet-
ter encouraged agaynst an other
time, to bestow my trauaile in mat-
ters of farte greater weyght and
importaunce. In the meane sea-
son (Desyryng your Honour to take
these synple Attemptes of myne in
good parte:) I leaue you to the
tuicion of the ryght hyghe & migh-
tye **G O D**: Who kepe you longe
in health, & graunt you **NESTORS**
yeares: With encrease of Honor.

Your Honour to comaund.

Alexander Neuyle.

The Preface to the Reader.



Behold here be-
fore thy face (good
Reader) the ryght
lamentable Trage-
die of that most In-
fortunate Prince *OEDIPVS*, for
thy profit rudely translated.

Wondre not at the grosenes of the
Style: neither yett account the
Inuentours Dyligence disgraced
by the Translators negligence:

Who thoughte that he hath some-
tymes boldly presumed to erre fro
his Author, rounge at Randon
where he lyst: adding and subtrac-
ting at pleasure: yett let not that
engendre disdainful suspicion with
in thy learned brest. Marke thou
rather what is ment by the whole
course of the Historie: and frame
a.b. thy

To the Reader.

thy lyfe free from ſuche miſchiefes,
wherewith the worlde at this preſent
is vniuerſally ouerwhelmed,
The wrathfull vengeance of God
prouoked, The Bodye plagued, the
mynde and Conſcience in miſt of
deepe deuourynge daungers moſt
terrybly aſſaulted, In ſuche ſort
that I abhorre to write: And euen
at the thought therof I tremble
and quake for very inward griefe
and feare of minde, assuredly per-
ſwadinge my ſelfe that the ryght
hyghe and immortal God, will
neuer leaue ſuche horrible and de-
teſtable Crimes unpunyſhed.
As in this preſent Tragedie, and
ſo forth vniuerſally in the generall
Proceſſes of the whole Hiſtorie, thou
mayſte ryght well perceyue.
Wherin thou ſhalt ſe, a very expreſſe
and lyuely Image of the incoſtant
chaunge of fickle Fortune in the
perſon

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 person of a Prince of passing fame
 and Renowne, midst whole fudgs
 of earthly blyſſe: by meare miſfor-
 tune, nay rather by the Deepe hid-
 den ſecret Iudgements of God py-
 teouſlye plunged in moſt extreame
 myſeries. The whole Realme for
 his ſake in ſtraunget guyle gre-
 uouſlye plaged: beſydes the appa-
 raunt Deſtruction of the Nobilitie,
 The generall Death and ſpoyle of
 the Cominaltie, The myſerable
 transformed face of the Citie, with
 an inſynpte Legion of miſchiefes
 moore, whiche I paſſe ouer vnre-
 herſed. Onely wyth I all men by
 this Tragicall Hiſtorie (for to that
 entent was it written) to beware
 of Synne: the ende wherof is
 ſhamefull and myſerable. As in
 the moſt Infortunate fall of this
 vnhappy Prince right playnely
 appeareth. Who by inwarde
 Gripe of fearefull conſuming Con-

To the Reader.

ciencie wretchedly tormented: beholdyng the lamentable state of his vyie infected Realines, wasted by the burnyng rage of priuy spoylyng & Destilence, fyndes hym selfe in tract of Time, to be the onely Plage and myserye of the almost quight destroyed Citie. Wherupon callynge together his Preefts and Prophettes, and askyng counsaile of the Gods by them, for present Remedy in those Evils, wherewith the Realine was than vniuersally ouerflown, Answer was made that the Plague shuld neuer cease, tyll Kyng *LAIUS* Death were thoroughly reuenged: and the bluddy & Furtherer Driven into perpetuall exyle. Whiche Answer receyued *OEDIPVS* farre more curious in bowtyng out the trueth, than carefull of his own Estate: so Daynly slides into an innumerable company

To the Reader.

cōpany of ryght Dredfull myseries
for as soone as he had once the
perfect view of his own Detestable
Deedes and wicked mildeemeanour
cast before his eies, together w the
unnaturall kyllynge of his Father
LAIUS, the incestuous Mariage
of his Mother *IOCASTA*. The
preposterous ordre of his yll mys-
guyded lyfe, with a hūdred mo like
mischiefs, which chaste & vndeifyed
eares abhorre to heare, frettyng
fury cōmon enemy & tormentor to
corrupted conscience prickynge him
forward, all inflamed w Phrensie
and boyllynge in inwarde heate of
vyle infected mynde, he rooteth
out his wretched eies unnaturally,
spoylth his Mother of her lyfe
(though earnestly requested ther-
to) beastly, and in the ende in most
basest kynde of slauerye, banisht:
Dieth miserably. Leauing behynd
hym

To the Reader.

hyin vnto all posterities A Dreadful
Example of Gods horryble venges
aunce for Sin. Such like Terrors
as these requyret this our present
Age, wherin Vice hath chiefeſt
place, and Vertue put to nyght:
lyes as an abiect languishynge in
great extremitie. For the whiche
cause, ſo muche the rather haue I
ſuffred this my baſe traſlated Tra
gedie to be publiſhed: from his Au
thor in worde and Verſe far trans
formed, though in Senſe lytell al
tered: and yet oftentimes rudely en
creaſed with myne owne ſimple
Iunctiō more raſhly I cōfeſſ than
myſelf, wythynge to pleaſe all: to
offende none: But wheras no mā
lyues ſo vpryghtly, whom ſlaun
dryng teonges leaue vndyſtained:
I referre my ſelf to the Iudgement
of þ wyſeſt, lytle cſteining the pre
iudiciall mouthes of ſuche carping
Whar

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To the Reader.

Marchauntes, whiche suffre no
inennes doynges almoste to scape
vndefyled. In fyne I beseeche
all togyther (yf so it myght be) to
beare with my rudenes, and consy-
dye the grosenes of oure owne
Coutrey language, whiche can by
no means aspire to the hyghe lofty
Latinists Stile. Myne onely en-
tent was to exhorde men to em-
brace Vertue and shun Vice, Ac-
cordinge to that of the ryght fa-
mous and excellent Poet Virgyl.

*Discite iusticiam moniti & non
temnere diuos.*

This obtayned: I holde my selfe
throughlye contented: In the
meane season I ende: wyshyng all
men to flie Sin: & he present Path
waye to perfect Infelycitie.

Farewell.

A N

**[The names of the Speakers
of this Tragedie.**

Oedipus.	Iocasta.
Chorus.	Creon.
Tiresias.	Manto
Senex.	Phorbas.

[Nuntius.]

The fyrste Acte.

Oedipus.

Iocasta.

Oedipus.

The night is gon. A dreadful day
begins at length to appeare
And *Lucifer* beset wth Clouds,
hymself aloft doth reare.
And gliding forth with heauy helwe,
A dolful blase doth beare
(in Skyes.)

Now shal the houses boide be sene,
with Plagues deuoured quight:
And slaughter y^e the night hath made,
shall daye brynge forth to lyght.
Doth any man in Princely throue
reioyce? O byttle Joye
How many ills? how faire a face?
and yet how much annoy
In the doth lurke, and hidden lies?
What heapes of endles stryfe?
They iudge amys, y^e dreame y^e Prince
to haue the happy lyfe.
For as the mountayns houghe and hie,
the blustryng windes withstand,
And craggy Rocks, the belching fluds
do tash and beate fro land.

A.

Though

OEDIPVS.

Though that the seas in quiet are
and nought at all do some:
So kingdoms great submitted lye,
to fortunes coulfull Dome.
How well Mynd I my father deare
Polynus scepters late?

Erilde bereft of carfull feare,
in Pilgrims happy state.

I call the Gods to witness heare
and stars that glyde in skies.

A kingdom is befauln to me,
I feare lest hereof rise

A mischief, (mighty *Ionc*,) to great
I feare alas I feare

Lest these my handes haue spoyld the
of the my father deare. (lyfe,

Appollo byds me this beware,
and yet a mischief moze,

foretelles. Can eny greater be
then this I told before?

Of father slayn by sonnes owne hand?

My Myuering lymys do shake
And all amased quaking stand
at this unhappie fate.

I am asshamed my destinies folow,
at large to thunder out,

And openly to blase my feare.
my dzedfull minde doth doubt.

OEDIPVS.

Yet out it goes. *Phabus* me bids
 my mothers beds to fly.
 As though that I hye sonne wth hye,
 incestuouse shuld ly,
 This feare and on^{ly} this my dyues
 from fathers kingdoms great.
 Not lyke a wanderyng *Macabonde*
 the wayes vnknowne I brate,
 But all my trustfull of my selfe
 thy lawes (*O Nature*) for to keape
 I sought the meanes. Yet feare I stil
 and fear into my mynde doth creape
 Though cause of Dread not one I se
 yet feare and dread I all.
 And scante in credit with my selfe,
 I seke my fatal fall
 (*By Dome of doouful Destinies.*)
 For w^{hat} shuld I suppose the cause?
 A Plage that is so generall
 And *Cadmus* countrie wholy spoiles
 and spreds it self thorough all?
 Shuld vs amongst so honge a heap
 of plaged Bodyes spare?
 And we alone amongst the rest
 reserued to my schiefes are?
 O heu^{er} hap. And byde we still
 alone the spoyle to see?
 Of Cites great, of men, of beasts,
 by plage that wasted be? And

OEDIPVS.

And thou amongst so many yls,
 a happy lyfe to lead,
 Couldste once periwade thy selfe (O
 without al fear or dread. (wretch
 Of Phœbus secret Judgements to,
 and that in kynges estate,
 Thou, thou, infected hast the ayre,
 in suche a fylthy rate.
 Thou art the onely cause of woe:
 by the these evils ryle,
 By the to graue on suche a sorte,
 this wretched people plies.
 The fyry flaming frieng heate,
 afflicted harts that wasses,
 Is not relpyed as wont it was
 by cold and pleasaunt blasses.
 The gentle westernne windes haue
 with helthful puffes to blow, (left
 And now the fyery Dog with blase
 of boylynge heate doth glow.
 The Sonne in *Leo* burns so hote,
 and so the earth doth boyle,
 That fluds and herbes are dried vp,
 and nought remaynes but soyle,
 So througely schozcht and stued with
 that moisture all is gon, (heatc,
 And now amongst so may fluds,
 remaynes alas not one.

The

OEDIPVS.

The places drye are only sene
the streames are dronken vp.
And water that doth yet abyde,
the sakyng Earth doth sup.
The Moone with clouds quight ouer
all sadly forth she glides, (cast,
And dolfull darksom shades of night,
the whole worlde ouerhides.
No Star on hygh at all doth shyne
but all the Skies are couered,
With blacke and bellyke bewe & mis-
tie stench, quight ouershadowed.
The corne that wonted was to growe
and frutesfully to spring:
Nowe to the voided Barnes nought
but emptie stalkes doth bring. (els
No part of all our kingdome is,
fre from Destruction;
But all together ronne and rush,
to bitter confusion.
The olde men with the yong (alas:)
the father with the childe
The plague consumes. both man & wife
all beastes both tame and wyld
Are spoyled by the Pestilence.
No pompe at all remaynes,
That wonted was in funeralles,
to ease the mourners paynes.

A. iii.

Alas

OEDIPVS.

Alas this spoile of people made,
by Plage hath dreyed myn eyes,
And secretly within my brest,
the gricfit boyling fryes.
And that that wonted is to hap,
in most extremest ylls.
My teares are dry and glutting grief
my wretched brest it fills.
The crased father bears the sonns,
vnto theyr dampish graues.
And after him with burden lyke,
the mother comes and raues.
And cuen lamentyng as they stand
starcke ded downe both they fall,
And mourners new in like estate,
for them and theirs they call.
Who likwys in the myddst of all,
their toyle and paynfull payne
Do drop into the graue they digd,
and so the place do gayn
(That was prepared for others erst.)
A tombe is made for Noble men
fast on the people byes
And in their burdes sing. Nobility
all vnraged lyes.

OEDIPVS.

For lacke of graues they to dayes all
to ashes they do wast.

And so half burnt they leue the ther.
and home away for hast

They run. & more they fetch. & the
fier, wood, graue, and all

Doth want. And down for very
the wretched misers fall. (griefe

No prayers auail. No Arte can help
this raging Plage appease:

For none almost is left aloue
eche others griefe to ease.

Before thine altars here O God
my feble hands I hould,

Requiring all my destinies,
at once with corage bold.

And that by death I may preuent,
my Country prest to fall.

For this: and only this (O God)
Upon thy name I call.

Let me not be the last that dies.

The last that goes to Graue.

Graunt this. & then (O mighty loue)

My full request I haue.

O cruell Gods vnkynnd. O more
than thrise vnhappy fates.

That only me denied is,
that lightes on all estates.

A.iiii.

3

OEDIPVS.

I meane a speedy death alas,
 these euils to pzeuent:
 Leane of thy blubberyng teares (D.
 A flye these kingdoms foyld (foole
 With rotten' plages and botches byle
 and graues eche where dyspoilde.
 All whiche diseases thou vnhap-
 pie gesse doste bzing with the.
 Dispatch. away. Go hence: at least,
 vnto thy parents lie. (greate)
 What boots it Sir these mischiefes
 with piteous plaints to aggrenate.
 Stowellie to beare aduersitie,
 is fitte for kynges estate.
 The more thy Keygne is doubted of,
 and when that cares do crush
 Thy princelie brest. the ought y most
 to beare and bide the push.
 It is no point of courage stout,
 to fortune for to yeld.
 Nay from this brest reproche ful feare
 hath ever been erilde.
 Our manhode is not subiecte now,
 to vaine and penill feares,
 But evermore in eche assaulte,
 it princelie courage beares.

Iocasta.

Oedipus

No not a thousand glittering swordes
 nor all the force of war,
 Can once appale my countenaunce
 nor yet my mynde detarre,
 The verie giauntes fyerce and honge
 in sight withstand I dare.
 Not Sphinx his crafty compass wordes
 coulde make me once to yeld.
 I saw him belching gubbes of blod
 I betwde full well the fielde
 That all to spatterd laye. With blod
 and bones quight overhelde,
 And when y he on mou'taynes top
 with mouth full honge to se.
 Stode gapinge all with greedy Jawes
 to feede and praye on me,
 Ofte fluttering w his fearful wynges
 and shakynge oft his tayle,
 Began full like a Lion fierce
 with threates me to assaile.
 Of whom straight way the Kiddell I.
 it rusht into myne eares
 With rozing sounde. his wynges he
 the Rock for hast he teares. (claps
 Desiring with my bowelles still
 to glatte his greedy Jawes.
 But this myne old practised hed
 his subtile question drawes,

A.b.

In

OEDIPVS.

In peces at the length dissolued:

And it a hundre sawes.

Iocasta.

What maks you wish for deth to late?
you myght haue died than.

As for rewarde of *Sphinx* destroyed
this kingdom to you came.

(You nede no more therof to talk)

Oedipus.

The ashes of that Monster vile,
agaynst vs doth rebell.

That vyle mishapen lothsom Beast,
that ragyng feend of Hell.

Is cause of all the plage that now,
on *Thebane* Citie lights.

Naw only this remaynes alone,
if *Phebus* heauenly might,

Can eny meanes inuent for vs,
or way of mercye make:

Wherby these burnyng Plagues at
may haply chaunce to flake, (length
(that thus our people waits.)

Chorus.

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OEDIPVS.

Chorus.

Doore then thise renowned
of aunciēt *Cadmus* race. (Stock
D mighty *Thebes* Citie great,
(D heuy ruthfull Case.)

Noe now you lye all desolate,
with Plagues deuoured quight.
Both you and all your Husbandmen.
(Dh miserable syght.)

D fowle and fearfull fates (alas)
what causeth all this wo?

D God whence springs this Pesty,
that vs tormenteth so? (lence?

No age, no shape, no forme is sparde,
but all confounded lye.

Thus happiest now y man I cownte,
whose chaunce was first to dye.

For he hath shund a thousand yls,
whiche wretched eyes haue seen:

And mischieses great that vs do p[re]se
from him are taken clean.

D God withhold thy furpe great,
thy Plages from vs remoue.

Ceas of afflicted Soules to scourge,
In ho the both serue and loue.

Poore

OEDIPVS.

Polwe downe on the diseases fowle,
that them deserued haue.

A Guerdon iust for synne (Oh god)
thys this of the we craue,
And only this. we aske no more
the cause and all is thyne,
A thing not bled of gods it is
from pitie to declyne.

My hart doth pant and trembling cold
through all my lims doth run
As oft as I remembryng count
the noble stockes vndun,
By death and dolfull destenies
that ouerwhelmed lye,
And yet alas the people still
to graue do faster hie.

In longe Araye all in a rancke
by thousandes on a Row,
On euery side in euery streate
to buriall fast they goe.

An hundred brode wide open gates,
are not enoughe for waye,
But throngs the people pestred stand
stil in a fearfull stape,
And in the mydst of al their toyle
with corpes on their backs,
The number that before doth poost
the hinder number slackes.

The

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OEDIPVS.

The corles in the freates do lye
 and graue on graue is made,
 But all in vayne. for nought it boots
 the plage cannot be stayed.
 The sacrifices donne to Codes
 haue to to yll succes,
 And suche strainge sights & signes do
 that nought els I can ges. (rise
 But that at hande to gastlye pawes,
 is bitter destruction,
 With thousande ylls accompayned
 and extreme confusion.
 The shepe of rot by heaps as thicke
 as dogges do fall and dye,
 And belching owt their wasted lungs
 on grounde do sprawlyng lye.
 And I my selfe of late did see:
 (a sight vnseen befoze,)
 As our highe preste stode sacrificinge
 at the Temple doze,
 And strake to greuous bludy wound
 the golden horned Bull
 When down to lineles lump he dzops
 and members made full dull.
 And all y wounde wide bleding gapes
 and blacke goozd blud out spurs.
 And yet the blade vnspzinckled was.
 The bloud it boylinge stues

And

OEDIPVS.

And bubbles on the ground. Alas
What do these thyngs portend?
Oh myghty ^{love} at length I pray,
some good and happy ende.
At length withhold thy hand (O God)
and health vnto vs sende.
Nothyng alas remaines at all,
in wonted old estate,
But all are turned topsy downe,
quight boide and desolate.
The tyred Horse with labour long,
from back his burthen taks,
And after on his Maysters brest,
his lyneles lymms he squats.
And all his partes in peces crush.
The Beasts in field that byde
Unkept. Unknownen wayes & paths
do raunge and ouerstride.
The Bull for lacke of fode and meat
in field all faintyng lyes,
And all his flock dispersed quight,
the self Shephard dyes.
And there amongst the Heifers fierce
his satall breath expers,
The Harts wout all feare of Wolves
do lye in wretched peace,
The very wrathfull roryng wolonds,
of rampyng Lyons cease.

The

15

OEDIPVS.

The vengeance wylde outrageous
are now as tame as thepe (Beares
The vgly Serpent that was wont,
the Rocky Denues to kepe.
Oft quassying poisoned Venom soups
in inwarde beate the boyles.
And all inflamd and scho:cht: in vaine
for lenger lyfe the toyles.
The woods are not adourned nowe,
with fresh and lyuely hwe,
The wonted shades are gon. Al things
are quight out of theyr Due.
No grasse on ground doth growe.
The earth no moisture sounpes,
The Vine withouren eny sap,
his drowly head down drowpes.
What shal I say? all things (alas)
are withen out of course,
And as they seme to me, are lyke,
to fare styll worse and worse.
O mighty God aboue! when ende
these euerdurynge pls?
When ceasethese Plages? that gyltes
thus fierce and raging spyls? (blud
I thynke but we almost alpye,
there do no men remayne:
Whom dofull Parts of Destenles,
on earth haue left vnslayne.

A

OEDIPUS.

I thinke the darckson shades of hell
 where filthy fluds do flowe,
 Where plagues and vile diseases to
 where dreadfull horrors growe,
 And all the furies brast loose
 do mischiefes on vs throwe,
 With botche & blane of sundry kindes
 whiche sothern blasts do blowe,
 And wrekfull bered bagges of hell
 do breathe and on vs bringe
 The angrie fendes of hell I thinke
 their vengeaunce on vs singe
 And out their mortall popson spue
 which they againste vs beare.
 To see how greedy death on vs
 with scowling eyes doth leare.
 See see. Oh how fast he throwes
 his Darts. Not one he spares
 But al cōfownds. His thretningforce,
 with stand no Creature dares.
 No doubt the lothesom ferryman
 the synful soules that traines
 Through stincking fluds. his labour
 that he for vs sustaynes. (loths
 Such presse by plumps to him is made
 which still renews his paynes.
 But harke yet mōsters more thē these
 the same abroad dothe flie

That

16

OEDIPVS.

That bellish dogges to Bawling
 were herd to howle & cry, (sound
 And y^e the ground to trébling shooke,
 and vnder fete dyd moue.
 And dreadfull blasíng Comets bright
 were seen in Skies aboue.
 And gastyly shapés of men besydes,
 to wander on the ground.
 And wood and trees on euery syde,
 Dyd fearfully resounde.
 Besids all this straúge ghósts were
 in places wher they stode. (scen
 And ryuers more then one or two,
 that ran all blacke good blud.
 O cruell plague. O vile disease,
 far worse then speedy death.
 O we vnhappye thise and more,
 who do p^{ro}longe our breath.
 In thease accursed dayes and tymes.
 But harke to me a while.
 When first this lothsom plague begins
 these mysers to desple,
 It takes them thus. A fearfull Cold
 throught al their bones doth run,
 And Cold and Heate together mixt,
 their senses all benome.
 Than litel lothsom markes appeare,
 and all their bodie spotte.

B.

Ans

OEDIPVS.

And al the members flaming globes;
and burning fast do rot.

The Lights, the Lungs, the hart, the
and all that inward lies. (Outs,
And all the secret partes I scorcht,
with dedly fier fries.

The bloud al clotted in their cheks;
in cluster lies by lumps.

And it and heat together makes,
great straunge and ruddy bumps.
And blud and flesh congelcd stands,
in face as stiffe as stake.

And eyes in hed fast fixed set,
and often tricklyng make.

And down apace whole fluids they
and clots & drops do trill (steame,
And al the skin from of their face,
by flakes and scales doth pill.

A thousand fearful sounds at once,
into their eares do rush.

And lothsom blud out of their nose,
by stilling streames doth gush.

The very anguish of their hart,
doth cause them soz to shake.

And what wth Payn & Heat & feare,
their tweried lymys do quake.

Then som the rōning Rivers haunt,
and some on ground do wallow.

And

17

OEDIPVS.

And some agayn their thirte to take,
cold water gulping swallow.

Thus all our country tost to Plage
in Grief it waltering lies.

And stil desiring for to dy,
A thousand deathes it dyes.

But God them then to hear is prest;
And death to none denies.

Besides all this, the churche som do
frequent: but not to pray.

But only for to glut the Gods,
with that that they do saye.

But who is this y comes from Court
in hast with posting pace?

What is it *Creon* that Noble bloud?
comended for his grace

(Of all that lyue.)

O doth, my crazed minde opprest,
things false for true conceyue,

His *Creon* long desired for.

His sight doth me releue.

B.ii.

OEDIPVS.

The second Acte.

The first Scene.

Oedipus.

Creon.

Oedipus

Do feare my body chilles alas
and tremblinge all I stande
Inquaking dzed. I seke & tolle
these mischiefes to with stande.

But all in bayn I labour I
it wil not bee I see.

As longe as meare repugnaunts thus
together mixed bee.

My mynd desirous still (Oh god,)
the truth for to vnfold.

With doutfull Dzed is daunted so,
that it can scante by hold.

(It self.)

O brother deare if eny meanes.
or waye of health thou knowe.

Declare it out and sticke not nowe.
the truth to me to shewe,

Creon.

Hy: if it pleas your noble grace,
the answers hidden lies.

Oedipus

Who doutful helth to sick me brings
all health to them denies.

Apolloes

18

OEDIPVS.

Appolloes vse it is the trneth
with darksom shades to duske.

Creon.

And Oedipus of gods it hath,
things doutfull to discus.

Oedipus.

Speke out and spare not man.

Creon.

The mightie God comaundes.

To purge the Princes seat forthwith
and that strayght out of hande

That villayn vile requited be,
with plages and vengeance due.

Who sirce with bloody handes of late,
my bzother Laïus due.

Before that this performed be,
no hope of mylder ayer.

Wherfore do this O king.oz els,
of hope and healthe diuider.

Durst eny man on yearth attempt,
that noble prince to slaye?

Oedipus.

Shewe me y slane that I may him,
dispathe out of the way.

God graunte the sight be good(Alas;)
the heringe is to terrible.

Creon.

My senses all amased stand,
it is a thinge so horrible.

That I abhoze to speke my mynde,
Oh god soz feare I quake.

B.iii.

And

And euen at the very thought
my lymms begin to shake.
As soone as I Appollos Church,
had entred in a frayde.
Vpon my face flat down I faul.
And thus to him I prayd.
Oh God if euer thou didest rue,
on wretched misers state.
If euer men opprest thou ease,
or didst theyr cares abate,
If euer thou in present pcede:
didst present Helpe declare.
If euer thou afflicted hearts,
with Cares consumed didst spare.
Now shew thy dreadfull force (O God)
shew now thy mighty poze.
Scant had I sayd: Resounding all
the mountayns thundring roze.
And filthy fiends spoute out their
out of their darksom caues. (flames
And woods do quake. & Hills do moue
and by the surging waves
Do mount vnto the skies aloft.
And I amased stand.
Stil lokyng for an answer at
Appollos sacred hand.
When out with ruffled hear disguised
the Prophet comes at last.
And when that he had felt the heat,
of mighty Phobus blast.

19

OEDIPVS:

All puffing out the swels in rage,
 and pattring still the raues,
 And icante the entred had into,
 Appollos whynng canes,
 While out a thundring boice doth burst
 That's far aboue mans reache.
 So dreadful semed then to me,
 the mighty Phœbus speech.
 Then thus he spake & thus at length,
 into myne ears he rusht.
 While sprawling still y^e Prophet lay
 before the doozes in dust.
 The Thebane Citie neuer shall,
 be free from Plagues, (quoth he,)
 Except from thence the Kyngqueller
 forthwith expulsed be.
 Vnto Apollo knownen he was,
 or euer he was borne,
 Do this: or els no hope of health,
 to this, the Gods haue sworne.
 And as for hym, he shall not long,
 in quiett attendure:
 But with hymselfe, wage Warre he shall.
 and Warre he shall procure
 Vnto his Children deare. And crepe
 agayne he shall,
 into his Mothers wombe.

The
Oracle.

B. lili.

Looke

OEDIPVS.

Oedipus. **Loke what y gods comaunded haue
accomplished shalbe.
For neuer shal these eyes of mine
abide the daye to see.
A kinge of kingdom spoild by force:
by guile and craft lupp:est.
A kinge to kinges the p:op ought be,
and chiefest cause of rest.
No man regardes his death at all
whom lyuinge he doth feare,
Creon Gret cause makes me my p:inces death
concele and closely beare,
Oedipus. (In mynde.)
Creon Dught enye cause of feare oz grieke,
thy dutie for to let.
The thzetening of the Prophecies,
do still my brest beset.
Oedipus As gods haue wild vs for this mis-
chiefe mends now let vs make.
If eny waye oz meanes there be,
their furies for to slake.
Thou God y sits in Seate on high,
and all the world dost guide
And thou by whose comaundement,
the starres in skies do glide.
Thou thou that only ruler arte,
of seas and fluds and all.
On the and on thy Godhed great,
for these requests we call.**

20

OEDIPVS.

Who so hath slayn kinge *Lais*

Oh *Ioue* I do the praye,

Let thousande ills vpon him fall,
before hys dienge daye.

Let him no health, no comfort haue,
but al to crush't with cares,

Consume his wretched yeres in grief
and though y^e Death him spares
A while. Yet mischiefes all at once,
at lengthe vpon him light.

With all the euils vnder sonne,
that vglye Monster smight.

In exile let him lyue a slaue,
the rated course of life.

In Shame, in Care, in penurye,
in Daunger and in Strife.

Let no man on him pitie take,
let all men him reuile.

Let him his mothers sacred Beds
incestuouslpe defyle.

Let him his father kill. And yet
let him do mischifes moze.

(What thing moze heinous can I wish
then that I misht before.)

Let him do all those ills I say,
that I haue shund and past.

All those and moze (if moze maye be,)
oh God vpon him cast.

B. b.

Let

OEDIPVS.

Let hym no hope of pardon haue:
 but sue and all in vayne.
 All hellish furies on him light,
 for to encrease his payn.
 Oh lone powre downe thy fury great,
 thy thundring thumps out throw.
 Let *Boreas* boisterous blasts & stormie
 Plages vpon him blow.
 Consume hym quight. fret out his
 with Rokes & botches vile. (guts
 Let all Diseases on hym lycht,
 that wretched bodies sple,
 Let these and more (if more may be,)
 vpon that Monster fall.
 Let *Harpies* Hawes & greedy paunches:
 deuoure his members all.
 Let no man hym regarde: or seeke
 his lyms in grane to laye.
 But let hym dye ten thousand deaths
 befoze his dieng daye.
 By this my kyngdome I do sweare,
 and kyngdom that I left,
 By al my Countrey Gods that ben
 in Tempels close I kept,
 I sweare, I vow, I do protest,
 and therto wytnes take:
 The Stars, the Seas, the Earth, & all
 that ere thy hand dyd make.

Except

21
Excepte that I my selfe forthwith
this bludy Monster finde
To wreke the wrath of God some way
with solemne Oth I bynde.
And so my father *Polixus*,
his happy dayes outlyue.
And so my Mother *Merops*,
no Mariage new contriue:
As he shall dye that did this dede.
And none shall hym excuse,
What soener that he be I sweare:
for that he shortly rues.
But where this wicked dede was don
Creon now tell me playne?
Both by what meanes? & where? and
King *Laius* was slayne, (how?
Passing through *Castalia* woods,
and Mountayns heaped with Snow *Creon*.
Where Groves of scrubs & Bushes
& Brambels sharp do grow. (thick
A threpathe crooked waye there is,
that diuersly doth go.
One vnto *Bacchus* Citie bends,
that *Phocia* doth byght:
The other to the Lande of *Sisiphus*
forth stretcheth out a ryght.
The thyrde at thende wherof,
a lothsom Serpent lyes,
Tends down vnto the Banck wherby
Eleia water plyes. There

OEDIPUS.

They are mynding nought but peas,
a laden bande of thowes.
By open force of Armes olwright,
this mischief: greate contrines.
But lo as well as can be coms,
Tyresias with trembling pace.
I thinke *Appollos* heauenly might,
hath brought him to this place.
He where he comes and *Manto* to,
his wayes directinge goes.

The seconde Acte.

The seconde Sceane.

Oedypus. *Tyresias,* *Manto,*

Oedipus Come holpe priest to *Phcebus* next
these doutfull answers lose.
And whom y destinyes wil to dy.
Straight wayes to me disclose,
Tyresias Renowned Prince though still I stand
in silence dom dismayd.
And though by inward feare of mynd
my lingtringe tonge is staied.

Yet

22

OEDIPVS.

Yet pardon me (O noble Prince,)
and giue me leue a while.

From lack of sight springs Ignorance
whiche power hath to cryle,

Unspotted Truth frō doutfull bzefts.

This thing full wel you knowe,
But whither god & Countrie calles,
with willing mynde I gee.

Let dedlie fatall destenies,
be boulded out at lengthe.

O kinge if I of greener peres,
had now my wonted strength
This matter soone discusst should be,
and I wold take in hande.

My selfe in presence of the Gods,
in temple soz to stande.

A mighty Dre all colourd white,
vp on the Aultars reare.

Which neuer yet on tweried necke,
the Croked yoke dyd beare.

And *Manto* thou O daughter myne,
myne onely prop and stave.

The secret hidden misteries,
and sacred signes out saye.

The bestc before the Aultarc standes. *Manto.*

To Gods a solemne praiser make. *Tyresias*

And on the holpe Aultars to,
some pleasaunte odoures shake.

His

OEDIPVS.

Manto. It is don. And all the fiers fierce,
with incence bright do flame.

Tyresias O *Manto* now what signes seest thou?
how do thy matters frame?

What doth the fyre, the Sacrifice,
encompas rounde about?

Manto. Not so. But first it movnts aloft,
and freight it flasheth out.

Tyre. Well. Yet, how doth the sacred flame
all shining bright and cleare

Hyt self on highe vnto the skies,
with sparkeling flakes vpeare?

O? doth it oft rebounding backe,
hit self, from skies vnould?

O? all with rumbling rozing noise,
about the place it rould?

O? mixt with smoke it tost frō place,
to place now here now there?

Manto. Not all one but mingled colours,
the flame doth with it beare.

Much lyke vnto the Raynbow,
which hauing soundy hues,

Doth shew vnto the husbandmen,
the wether that ensues.

What colour it wants: or what it hath
to me is like vncertayn.

Now is it black, now blue, now red,
and euen now agayn

Quight

Quight out it is. Yet once again,
all fierce it flashing flames.
But lo yet milchiefs moze then this,
vnluckely it frames.

The fier quight asounder parts,
and flame with flame doth fight.

O father I abhoze to see,
this vglye lothescm sight.

The wine to blud is turned quight,
and all the Prynces hed.

With thicke black clouds encōpass is,
with smoke all euer spzed.

O father tel what this portends?

What shuld I tell alas?

Tyresias

My mynde for feare astonied stands,
and trembling cold doth pas

Thzough all my lims. What shall I
oz wher shal I begin? (say?

O cruel Plages O wzeckfull Gods,

O vengeaunce due for synne.

Som horrible mischief great, alas,
these fearfull signes declare.

(O Iupiter)

whats that y Gods wold haue reueld
and yet do bid beware.

(To bitter it,)

They are ashamed: I know not what.

Come hether quickly bring.

Som salte with the. Goe it vpon
the wounded heifer stng.

OEDIPVS.

Howe now? Dost once resistance
 or doeth it gentlye bide (make;
 The teuchyng of thy sacred handes.
 His hed on highe he listes.

Manto

And to rning to the East, by course
 from thence he often shifts.

Still lothinge as he semes to me,
 Of heauen to see the light,
 Oft scouling with his bearing eyes
 with gassely ruthfull sight.

Tire.

What? Dost one blowe them dzine to
 or moze then one they haue. (ground

Manto.

The heifer as it seemd enflamd,
 with courage stout and braue
 Upon the mortall Blade dyd rush,
 and there himself destroys.

When out the blud it foming spoutes,
 and mounts vnto the Skies.

The bull twise stroke or thise,
 with groueling groning tyres.

And toyling by and dolsen he moyles.
 and still to lyue desires.

And yet at length with muche ado,
 his brutishe bzeth expiers.

Tyre.

What? doth y wounde wide open gape;
 or is it closed vp?

Or doth the depnes of the hole.
 the blod in soking supp.

Out

OEDIPVS.

Out of the wounded Heyfers bzeft, *Manto.*
 blacke bluysh waters rufh.

And from his nose and eyes, & mouth,
 whole freams, of blud do gush.

By this vnhappy Sacrefyce, *Tyresias*
 great feares within me rife.

But tell me now: In the inner parts.
 what secrets hydden lyes?

O father what means this? the in- *Manto.*
 wardes, moore than wontyd guyfe.
 Do moue & ftye, and shake my handes,
 and heauing oft do rife.

The blud by freams out of the bayns,
 full ftrayngely fkyppes aloft.

The hart all fchorcht & hydden lyes,
 and ftrykes are feene full oft,

Of Colour very wan and pale.

The cheyfeft parts do want.

The lyuer blackyfh gaull out fputts,
 and fomewhat rylfng pants.

And that that myfcheyfs great,
 to kyngdoms doth forfhow:

A litell lothfom pece of Skyn,
 the hart doth ouergrowe.

And ouerwhelms it quight. *Alber:*
 a man may eafly fee, (throughe,

How both the hart the lights, & lugs,
 And all dyfturbed bee,

C.i.

OEDIPVS.

No parte his proper place obserues,
 or keeps his order due:
 But altogether quight disguised,
 with an vnwonted hue.
 Mishapen out of frame, transsoymd,
 displaced quight. Alas.
 I feare, I feare, some yll succes
 in this vnhappy cas.

Oedipus

Declare from whence and why,
 these fearefull signes do ryse,
 With courage stout I wyll it heare,
 it shall not once aggrype
 my valiaunt mynd. Extremest pls
 haue power to banyshe feare:

Tyresias

You wyll wyshe y vnhard whiche you
 so muche desyre to heare.

Oedipus

Tell me I say, synce that the Gods
 wyl haue it to be knownen.

Tell me, what is his name that hath
 kyng Lais ouerthrowen?

Tire.

No sacrifice wyll serue (O kyng)
 newe meanes must we inuent:
 from dreadfull darke infernall damp:
 some furpe must be sent
 These mischiefes great so to vnfold.
 Or els kyng Ditis he,
 That Empier keeps on Ghosts,
 entreated needs must be

These

OEDIPVS.

These things forthw for to disclose.
Tell who shall haue the charge,
A kyng thou art, than mayst not thou
go throughe those kyngdoms large.
Than noble Creon thou shalt goe,
this payne is fyrst for the:
Who must this auncient kyngdom
enioy after me. . - (great

Oedipus

¶ The thyrde Acte.

The first Sceane.

Oedipus.

Creon.

Though that thy face wth sadnes ^{(clad,} Oedipus
in heauy mournyng gyse:
Nought els portend: but death
and mischiefs styll to ryse. (griefs
Yet tell som meanes wherby at lēgth
the Gods we may appease,
And purchase to our kyngdoms wast,
som hope of health and ease.

C.ii.

Alas

OEDIPVS.

- Creon Alas yow byd me that dysclose,
which seare doth byd me hyde.
- Oedipus If that the Thebane Cities great,
by dooulfull Plags destroyd.
Do the not moue. Yet oughtest thou,
these kyngdoms soz to rue,
Which were vnto thy brothers house,
of auncient title due.
- Creon You wish y thing to know: which you,
will wish vnknown at length.
- Oed. To banish ils: in Ignorance,
ther rests no power noz strength.
Wilt thou in al thes mischeyfs seeke,
the truth soz to suppres?
- Creon Where Cure of Care is to be lothd,
I seake not to redres.
- Oedipus Speake out to speade, oz els I sweare,
thou shalt by pꝛactyse proue,
How great a thyng of weight it is,
a Princes mynd to moue.
- Creon Kyngs often vse to with vtold.
Which they had tell befoze.
- Oedypus. Go to dispatch. Ceas of I say,
to bere me any mooze,
Except that thou furthwith thou
this matter do disclose, (wꝛetch,
The Gods I do protest soz all,
to death thou only goes.

Pardon

OEDIPVS.

Pardon me O noble kyng.

Creon

gyue leue to hould my peas,

Of all the pardons Princes graunt.

what pardon may be leas?

As though y Silence hurts not more,
ofcymes than words ill spent.

Oedipus

Dispatch at once: Sty: me no more.

thou knowst my wonted Gypse,

Whan Silence is denyed: what than
remayns that lawfull is?

A traytour he is, that sylence kepes
whan he is byd to speak.

Constraynd I am. Receiue my words Creon,
with gentell mynd I pray.

Was euer man rebukt for that.
that he was byd to say?

Oedipus

Well than since nedds I must: I am,
contented to obay.

Creon

A wood ther is from Citie far,
encompass thick with trees,

Where Ryuers roze: & wynds do
that sty: the Stormy sees, (why: le

Wher grows an alicient Cipres tree
with crookyd bendyd lymms,

With Stretching down his braunches
vnto the water byms.

(old,
his

C.iii.

OEDIPVS.

His euerdur yng bushes greene,
 whiche tyme dyd neuer breede,
 With: anours sweet and comly mos,
 doth largely ouerspeed.
 Ampdft them all, a tree there is,
 with longe outftretched Armes:
 Whose roring townd, & craking noife
 the leffer woods Icharmes,
 And ouershades them all. A tree
 of monftrous houg estate,
 Befet with fearfull woods: here is
 that dore, and dzedfull gate,
 That leads to lothfom *Lymbo* Lake be
 And pyts that euer flowe. (neath,
 Wher choked my: y mud doth ftream
 with flymp course full flowe.
 Here when the Priefte was entred in,
 with comly aged pace,
 He ftayed not: No nede there was,
 for nyght was ftyll in place.
 Than all y ground wyde open gapes
 and fmoutheryng barours ryle,
 And fyze and fmoke, & ftyslyng ftynk,
 mo wnts vp into the Skies.
 The Priefte with waylyng weede,
 his farall rod out tooke: (Iclad
 And entryng in, in blacke Aray,
 full often tymes it thooke.

With

With he any chere and dolfull pace.
 His hoary heare was twynde
 With Bowes of mortall Cwe. A tree
 wherwith the mourners wynde,
 They mourning heads. & Garlands
 In this gysle all arayde, (make.
 The sacred Priest doth entre in,
 with quakyng lyms afrayd.
 Than in the sheepe and Oren black,
 by backward course are drawn.
 And odoures swete, & frankence,
 on flaming fyres are thron.
 The Beasts on burnyng Altars cast,
 do quake with schorched lims:
 And bluddy streames with fyre mixt,
 aboute the Aultars swim.
 Than on the darke infernall Gods,
 and hym that rules them all:
 With deadly thrykyng voyce aloude,
 the Prophet gins to call.
 And rouls the Magick booke in mouth
 and hydden Artes both proue:
 Which eyther power haue to appease
 or els the Gods to moue.
 Than bludy streaming lycours black
 with broplyng heate do boyle:
 And al the Beasts consumes & burns.
 The Prophet than to toyle
 C.iii. begins

OEDIPVS.

Begins. And mingled wine and milk
vpon the Altars throwes.
And all the Dungeon darke, and wide
with streaming blood it flowes.
Than out with thūdring voyce agayn
the Prophet calles and cries.
And straight as muche wth mumbling
he champs in secret wyse. (mouth
The trees do turne. The Riuers stā
The ground with roryng shakes.
And all the world as seems to me,
with fearefull tremblyng quakes,
I am heard, I am heard, than out a-
the Priest began to crye: (loude,
Whan all the dāpned soules by heaps
abode outrushyng flye.
Then woods with rumblyng noyse,
do oft resounding make.
And Heauen, & Earth together goes,
And bowes & trees do crake.
And Thūders rooze. And Lightnings
And waues aloft do flye. (flash.
And ground retyzes: And Dogs do
And Ghosts are herd to cry. (bawle
And whyther long of *Acheron*,
that lothsom flud that flowes.
All styntyng streames: o^r of y^e earth,
that out her Bowels throwes,
Dead

28
Dead Corples to receyue. Of
that fyerce infernall hownd
That at suche tymes doth bustlyn
in chayns, & ratlyn sownd. (make
The Earth all wide it open gapes.
And I did se on grownd,
The Gods with colour pale and wan,
that those darke kingdoms keepe.
And ver y night I saw in dede.
And thousand shapes to creepe,
from out those fylthy synkyn
and lothsom pits of Hell.
Where all the euyls vnder son,
in darksom shades do dwell.
So quaking all for feare I stode,
with mynd ryght soze apalde,
Whilst on those Gods in tremblyn
the Priest full often calde. (mout
Who all at once, out of theyr den
did skip with griesly face.
And mosters grim, & stingin
seemd wander in that place.
And all the fowlest feends of Hell,
and furies all were there.
And al trasformed Ghosts & sprights,
that euer Hell did beare,

C.b.

With

OEDIPVS.

With Cares, and all Diseases byle,
 that mortall mynds do crush,
 All those, and more I sawe out of
 those Dungeons deepe to rush.
 And Age I sawe, with ryfled face,
 and Pede, and feare, and Death,
 And fyre, and flames, A thousand yls
 out fro those Pyts to breath.
 Then I was gon: and quight amaid.
 The wenche in worser cas.
 And yet of old, acquaynted with
 her fathers Artes she was.
 The Priest hymself vnmoued stood,
 and boldly cited owt:
 Whole Armies of kyng *Ditis* men,
 who clusteryng in a Rownt:
 Al flittring thin like Clowds, disperst
 abroad in Ayre do flye.
 And breathing oft in dyuers formes,
 do scud aboue in Skie.
 A thousand woods I thinke haue not,
 so many leaues on trees.
 Ten thousand medowes fresh haue not
 so many swarmyng Bees.
 Ten hundred thousand Hills haue not
 so many flakes of Snow.
 Nor all the drops & streames, & gulffs
 that in the Seas do flow.

29

OE DI PV S.

If that they myght be wayd, can once
 so great a number make,
 As could those Shapes & forms y^e flem
 from out of Limbo lake.
 Both *Tantalus* and *Zelus* to,
 and pale *Amphions* Ghost:
 And *Aene*, and after her,
 ten thousand Sprights do poss.
 Than *Pentheus* and more and more,
 in lyke estate ensue:
 Tyll out at length comes *Laius*:
 with fowle and grieved hue.
 All perst wth wounds, I loth to speake
 with blud quight ouergrown:
 Uncomly drest, in wretched plight,
 with head & yll hangyng down.
 A Miser ryght as seemd to me,
 and most of Misers all:
 Thus in this case, at length he spake,
 and thus began to call.
 O *Cadmus* cruell Cytie vile,
 that & yll delighst in blood,
 O *Cadmus* thou, which kinsmens deth,
 acowntst as chiefest good.
 Teare out the bladd^r Bowels of
 your Chyl dren. Learne of me,
 Do that, & rather more: than you
 wold byde the daye to se.

Lyke

OEDIPVS.

Aske pls as late on me are lyght.
Loe Mothers lone, (Alas)
Is now, the ryfett fault outryght
that ere in *Theba* was.
The Cōuntrye with the wrauth of gods
at this tyme is not toff.
No? Earth no? Ayre infect is not
the cause that all ben lost.
No. No. A bluddy kyng is cause
of all these mischifes greate.
A bluddy wretche. A wretched Child
that sits in fathers Seate.
And Mothers bed despyles (O wretch)
and entreth in agayn,
In places whence he came frō once
and doubleth so her payne.
And that, that very Beasts almost,
do all abhoꝛe to do:
Euen of his Mothers body he,
hath brothers gotten too.
(O myschief great,) (O dreadfull dede)
than *Sphinx*, O Monster moze.
Example vnto Ages all,
of Gods foꝛetolde befoze.
But I thee, thee y Scepter holdst;
thy father wyll pursue:
And wꝛeke my selfe on the and thyne,
with fearefull vengeance due.

All

All raging Plagues, all Botches vile
I wyll vpon the blowe.
And all the foulest feends of Hell,
vpon the I wyll throwe.
I wyll subuert thy Houses cleane,
for this thy lothsom lust.
I wyll do this, thou wretche. And the
and tyme, consume to dust.
Wherefore dispatche at once (I saie)
into exyle dyue your Kynge.
That ground that fyrst of all he leaues
with fresh greene grasse shal spryng
And sweete and pleasaunt Ayre,
and healthfull blasts shal blow.
And all the euyls vnder the Son,
that beastly slaue shal folow.
The Pocks, y Piles, y Botch, y blane
and Death with hym shal flye.
And with hym mischiefs all shal pas,
and Monsters vnder Skye.
And as for hym I know he wold
depart with wyllpyng mynd:
But I wyll clog his feete and hands,
his way he shal not fynd.
But groping with his aged staffe,
shal passe from place to place.
This shal he do. And none shal rue
vpon his wretched case.

Kyd

OEDIPVS.

Kyd you hym from the yearth in tyme
foz Heauen let me alone:

No sooner sayd, but stragght away,
his dreadfull Ghost was gone.

And fast by thousands after hym,
thoother Sprights in hyde:

Than Cold & tremblyng feare began
thzough all my bones to glyde.

Oedipus

That, that I alwayes feard, alas
bpon me now is layde:

But slender props thei are (God wot)
wherby your Treason is stayde.

Mercia my Mother deare,
shall me from this defende.

And *Polibus* shall purge me quight,
from Actions all that tend

To muder, or to incest vile,
they both shall me excuse.

In suche a case no means at all
of tryall I refuse.

Laye what you can vnto my charge.
No fault in me remainys.

The *Thebanes* long or I cam here,
of *Laius* death complayns.

My mother yet alyue, my fa-
ther styll in lyke estate.

No, no, this is some dolypsh dzyft,
of yon false Propheys pate.

O: els som mighty God aboue,
 doth beare vs no good wyll,
 And sekes by Plages on vs to wzeke,
 his w:athfull vengeaunce styll.
 A sy: I am glad, at length I smell
 your dyfts and fetches syne:
 I know the whole confedrats well
 your slepyghts I can vntwyne.
 That beastly Priest. That bleareyed
 helpes the Gods and me: (wretch
 And thee thou Traytour in my place
 hath promysd kyng to be.
 Alas wold I my syster of,
 her lawfull kyngdom spoyle?
 Thinke you suche Treason may haue
 in brothers brest to boyle? (place
 If that myne Oth could me not kepe
 content with my degree:
 But that contemnyng meane estate,
 I wold clime aloft to be.
 Yet should yll fortune me deterre,
 from suche attempts I trowe:
 Whose guyse it is on Princes heads,
 houghe heapes of Cares to thowle.
 I wold aduise you sy: betymes,
 this charge from you to threst:
 Least lymgryng long w: it at length,
 vnwares ye be opprest.

Crem

Affare

OEDIPVS.

Assure your selfe, in baser state,
more safer you may lyue:
And shun a thousand Cares & Griefs:
whiche Princes Harts do ryue.
Oed. And dost thou me exhozte thou haue
my kyngdomis for to leaue?
Darest thou attempt thou byllayn vyle
this thyng to me to breake?

Creon

And fearest thou not in suche a case
so boldly for to speake.
Thynk you I wold them so perswade
whiche freely myght posses
Theyr Realmes? Or those yuede not
least cares should the oppres. (fear

Oedipus

But as for you, of force you must,
your fortunes chaunge abyde:
The surest way for them that gape,
for kyngdoms large and wyde:
Is fyrst thyngs meane, and rest
and base estate to prayle:
And yet with tooth & Nayle to toyle,
to me wnt aloft alwayes.

Creon.

So ostentymes most restless Beasts,
do chydely rest comende.
Shall not my Seruyce long suffice,
my trueth for to defende?

Exeunt

Tyme is the onely meanes for such,
 as thou to worke they wil.
 It is so sayd. But as for me,
 of goods, I haue my fill.
 A grea: resort. A pleasaunt lyfe:
 from Princely Cares, exempt.
 Al these might me diswade (O king)
 from suche a folow attempt.
 Not one daye there is almost,
 the whole yeare throughout:
 Wherin some Royall Gyfts are not,
 vnto my Houses brought.
 Both precious Pearles, and princely
 and things of greater cost: (Woobs
 whiche I let passe, lest I shuld seeme
 but baynely for to best.
 In suche a blessed happy state,
 what thing nede I require?
 The more y haue, I know right well,
 the more thou dost desyre:
 Good fortune can no mean obserue,
 but still she preaeth hys.
 Shall I than gyltes dye Alas,
 my cause and all vntryde?
 Were vnto you at any tyme
 my lyfe, my dedes discryde?
 D.I.

Oedipus

Creon

Oed.

Creon

Oed.

Dyd

OEDIPVS.

Did eny man defende me yet?
 or els my causes plcade?
 And yet I am condemn'd. To this
 you do me leade.

And me exp2es example giue
 whiche I intend to folow:

Creon

Oedip

What yf that Innocent I be:
 The guyle of kyngs you know;
 Is doubtfull things for true to feare
 yf thence may mischief grow.

Creon

The often fearful trembling mynd,
 true cause of feare doth shew.

Oedip

He that in mydd of perylls deepe,
 and dangers hath ben cast,
 Doth seeke all meanes to shun lyke
 as he hath overpast. (pls

Creon

So hatreds ryle. Or. He that to much
 doth vse yll wyll to feare,
 Unskyllfull is: and knowes not how,
 he ought hym selfe to beare
 In kyngs estate. For feare alone
 doth kyngdoms chiesly keepe.
 Than he that thus doth arme hymself
 from feare all free may seepe.

Creon

Who so the Tyrant playes and gyle:
 les men with force doth smight:
 He d2edeth them that hym do d2ed
 thus feare doth chiesly light.

On

OEDIPVS.

On Canfers chief A iust reuenge,
 for murtheringe mynds outryght.
 Awake with this Traptour. Awake. *Oedipus*
 In Dongeon deepe hym cast:
 There let his byle deceptfull mynd
 due paynes and vengeaunce tast
 for his deserued pls. Let there
 byre bondage him constrayne:
 Bondage the chiefeſt ſcourge of mind
 that Traptours can ſuſtayne.

Chorus.

SEE, ſee, the myſerable eſtate,
 of Princes carefull lyfe.
 What raging ſtorms? what bloud?
 what toil? what endles ſtrife (boils
 Do thei endure? (O God) what plags?
 what grief do they ſuſtayne?
 A Princely lyfe: No. No. (No doubt)
 An euer durynge payne.
 A ſtate ene ſyt for men on whom
 fortune wolde weeke her wyll.
 A place for Cares to couche them in.
 A doore wyde open ſtill
 for gryfs and daungers all that ben
 to entre when they lyſt.
 A kynge theſe Gates muſt euer haue,
 it boots not to reſyſt. D.ii.

OEDIPVS.

Whole floods of pining pinching feare,
great anguysh of the mynd:

Apparaunt Plages, & deply gryfs.

These playfayres Princes fynd.

And other none, wth whom they spende
and passe the p^r wretched dayes.

Thus he that Princes lines, and base
estate together wayes:

(Shall fynde the one,)

A Dongeon deepe. A very Hell.

A perfect infelycitie.

(The other,)

A Heauen ryght: A blessed lyfe,
exempted quight from mysetye.

Let Oedipus Example be
of this vnto you all,

A Mirrour meete. A Patern playne,
of Princes carefull th^rall.

Who late in perfect Joy as seemd,
and euerlastyng blys,

Tryumphantly his lyfe out ledde,
a Miser now outright he is,

And most of wretched Misers all,
euen at this present tyme,

With doutfull waues of feare Itost,
Subiect to suche a Cryme.

Or

OEDIPVS.

Wherat my tong amased stayes;
 God graunt that at the last,
 It fall not out as *Creon* tolde.
 Not yet the woꝛth is past,
 (A feare.)

The fourth Acte.

The seconde Scene.

Oedipus. *Jocasta.*

My mynd is doubtfull waues of *Oedipus*
 is tossed to and fro feare,
 I wot not what to say. Alas
 I am tormented so.
 For all the Gods on me do crye,
 for paynes and vengeance dew.
 They saye y these my gylties handes,
 kpng *Lains* ouerthzew.
 But this my valiaunt Courage stout,
 and minde from mischief free,
 To Gods vntried, to me well known
 denies it so to bee.
 Full well I do remember once,
 by chaunce I dyd dispatche,
 A man: who sought by force with me,
 pꝛesumptuously to matche.

D.iii.

And

OEDIPVS

And sought by force me to displace,
as moche as in hym laye.

This I remembre well enough,
the stryfe was for the waye.

And he a man of aged yeares,
and I a lusty blood.

And yet of meare disdayn and pryde,
in bayne he me withstood.

But this from Thebes farre was don,
A crooked thzepathd way:

That was y^e place for which we stroue
this I remember well,

Deare wyse resolute my dout at once
and me exprectly tell,

Holde olde was *Laius* when he died,
of fresh and lusty yeares?

(O? was he stryken well in age?)

Locasta Betwixt an olde man and a yong:
but nearer to an olde.

Oedipus Were there great Bandes of men to
his Person to vphold? (hym

Locasta Some by the way deceyued were.
And some deterd by payne.

A fewe by toyle and labour long,
did with theyr Wynces remayne.

Oedipus Were eny dayne in his defence?

Locasta But one of whom I here:

Who baliant in his Wynces cause,
full stowtly dyd expier.

35

OEDIPVS.

It is enough I know hym now, Oed.
 that hath this mischiefe done.
 The nombze and the place agrees.
 The tyme vntried alone
 Remayns. Than tell what tyme he
 and when that he was slayn. (died
 It is ten yeaere synce: You now renue locastus
 the cause of all my payne.

[The fourth Acte.

The secone Sceane.

Senex. Oedipus.

The Corinth people all (O kyng) Sen.
 do call for you to raygne,
 In your own kingdoms. Polibius
 eternall rest obtayne. (doth
 O God what fortune vyle doth me Oe.
 oppres on euery syde?
 How do my sorowes styll encreas?
 Tell how my sather dide.
 No one disease but onely Age, Senex
 did of his lyfe hym reane.
 And is he deade in dede? Not slayn? Oedipus.
 What ioye may I conceyue?

D. iiii. Howe

OEDIPUS

How may I now triumph? The Gods
 to wytnes I do call,
 To who are known my hidden thou:
 A secret workyngs all. (gits
 How may I lyft to Skies my hands,
 my hands from mischief free.
 But yet the chiefest cause of feare,
 remayneth still to me.

Sen.

Your fathers Kyngdoms ought all
 out of your mynde to weare. (died
 That I confes. But wretched beast,
 my Mother I do feare.

Oedipus

Sen.

Do you your Mother feare? on your
 returne that onely frapes.

Oedipus

I feare not her: but from her syght
 my godly Zeale me frapes.

Sen.

Oedipus

What will you her a Wydow leane?
 Now, now, thou woundst my hart.
 This, this, and onely this alas,
 is cause of all my smart.

Senex.

Tell me (O kyng) what trouful fear?
 both presse thy Princely brest:
 Kyngs Councels I can well concele
 that ben with Cares opprest.

Oedipus.

Least as Apollo hath so retolde,
 I shulde a Mariage make
 With myne owne Mother: only this
 sowle feare doth make me quake.

Suche

OEDIPVS.

Suche bayn & penyth feares, at lēgth Sen.
from out your brest eryle.
Merope your Mother is not in dede,
you do your selfe beguyle.
What vantage shuld it be to her Oed.
adopted Sonnes to haue?
A kyngdom she shall gayne therby. Sen.
Her Husbände layde in graue.
The chiefeſt prop to stay her Realms
from present Confusion,
Is Children for to haue: and hope
of lawfull succession.
Tell me y meanes wherby thou dost, Oed.
these Secrets vnderstand?
It was I that you an Infant gaue Sen.
into your fathers hand.
Diddst thou me to my father gyue? Oed.
Who than gaue me to thee?
A Shepherde sir, that wanted on Sen.
Cytheron. Hys to bee.
What made thee in these woods to Oedip.
what hadst y there to do? (raunge
Upon these Hills my Beasts I kept, Sen.
sometyme a Shepherde to.
What notes, what priuy markes hast Oedip.
wherby thou dost me know? (hou
The hols y thugh your feet ar bozed Oem.
frā whence your name did grow.
D.b. De:

O E D I P Y S.

Oedip. Declare what was his name y^e gaue
my body vnto thee?

Senex The Kings chief Shephard thā y^e was
delynered you to mee.

Oed. What was his name? *Sc.* Old mens
rememb^r aunce soone doth fayle:
Obluion for the chiefest part,
doth ho^ry heads affayle.
And drowns they^r former memory
of thyngs long out of mynd.

Oed What? canst y^e know the man by sight?
Sen. Perhaps I should hym fynd,
and know by face. Thigs ouerwhelmd
by tyme, and quight opprest.
A small marke oft to mynde reuokes,
and fresh reuues in brest.

Oedipus. Sirs byd y^e Herdmen furthwith d^rue
they^r Beastes to Altars all.
Away with speed, make hast the Mas-
ter Shepherds to me call.

Sen. Whither thy Destenies this do hyde
oz fortune it detain,
And closely kepe: Let it be so,
from openyng that refrayne.
That long conceald hath hydden lier
that seake not to disclose:
Suche thyngs outsercht a sound of-
agaynst the sercher goes. *(tymes*
Can

OF DIPV S.

Can any myschpese greater be?
than this that now I feare.

Oed.

Advyse you well remembre fyrst
what weicht this thyng doth beare:
That thus you go about to serche,
and sift with tooth and naye,

Sen.

Obserue the golden meane: Beware
beare styll an equall sayle.

Your Countreies wealth, & king your
and all vpon this lyes. (lyse,

Though you sty: not, be sure at length
your fortune you espyes.

A happy state for to disturbe
doth nought at all behoue.

When things be at the worst of them Oed.
a man may safely moue.

Can you haue ought more excellent? Sen.
than is a Prynces state?

Beware least of your Parents found
it you repent to late.

No, no, I warrant that? Repent?
not I, I trowe:

Oedip.

I seeke it not to that entent.

I haue decreed to know,

The matter at the full. Wherefore

I wyll it now pursue.

No Phorbas wher he tremblpng coms,
with comly aged hue.

No

OEDIPUS.

To whom of all the kyngs flock than,
the care and charge was due.

Dost þ his name, his speache, his face,
or yet his person know?

Senex

He thinks I shuld haue seen his face
and yet I can not how

(The places where:)

This looke is nether thughly known
nor yet vnknown to me

I can not tell. I doubt it muche.
And yet it may be he.

In *Laius* tyme long synce when he,
these kyngdoms great dyd keepe:

What þ not on *Citheron* Hills?
chefe Shepharde to his sheepe.

The fourth Acte.

The thyrde Scaene.

Phorbas.

Senex.

Oedipus.

Phorbas

Somtyme a charge of Shep I had
vnworthy though I weare
And on those Hills long since
on other Shephards bare. (chief rule
knowe

OEDIPVS.

Se. Knowst þu not me. 7b. I can not
 Ce. Wilt þu once giue this man (tell.
 A Child. Speake out, why dost thou
 yt so, declare it than. staye?

Why dost þu blush & doubtyng stand
 Trueth seeketh no delay?

Thyngs out of mynd you byd reuoke
 almost quight woꝛne away.

Phor.

Confes thou slaue, or els I sweare,
 thou shalt constrained be.

Oedipus

In dede I do remembre once,
 an Infant yong by me,

Phor.

Delyuered was vnto this man:

But well I wot in bayn,
 I know he could not long endure,
 noꝛ yet alyue remayne.

Long since he is dead, & rakte in dust,
 he lyues not at this daye.

No? God forbidd, he lyues no doubt,
 and long may lyue I pray.

Senex

Why dost thou say the Child þu gauest
 is dead and rakte in dust?

Oedip.

Because that thzough his tender feet,
 an Iron sharpe was thrust:

Phor.

Wherof a greuous swellng rose,
 I saw the blood to gush

frō out of both the woundes: & down
 by polwzng streams to rush.

Rolo

OEDIPUS.

Ica. How stape (O kyng) no farther now;
you know almost the trothe.

Oedipus Whose child was it? tell me forthwith.

Phor. I dare not for myne Othe.

Oedip. Thyne Othe y^e slave. Some fyre here;
Fie charme thyne Othe & the,
With fyre and flames: except forthwith
thou tell this thyng to me.

Phor. O pardon me, though rude I seeme,
I seeke not to withstande
Your Graces mynd: and wyll not I.
My lyfe is in your hande.

Oedipus Tel me the troth, what child, & whose
what was his Mothers name?

Phor. Borne of your wyfe and brought.

Oedipus O Earth burst out and gape for me,
devoure my body quight,
Or els thou God, that Ruler art
of Houses boyde of lyght.
To Hell my Soule wth Thunder bolts
to Hell my soule down dypue.
Where surpous Ghosts in darkenes
and endles payne do lyue. (deepe
for the alone, these Plages do rage,
for the these mischiefs ryse.
for thee, the Earth lyes desolate.
for the thou wretche the Skies
Infected

Infected are. for the, for the,
and for thy fylthy lust,
A hundred thousand gyltles men,
consumed are to dust.
O people throw: cast heaps of stones
vpon this hatefull Hed:
Wathe all your Blades wth my Cuts
Shewe pytie none. Proceede.
Agaynst me vyle transformed Beast
with paynes and vengeaunce due.
Let father, Son, and wyfe, and all,
with Weapons me pursue.
Let those that for my sake alone,
with Plages tormented be
Throw Darts. Cast Speares: flynge
A flamyng Brands on me. (stones
O Slaue. O fylthy bacabound.
O hatefull head of thyne.
Confownder O of Nature thou,
to godly Lawes drayne.
Euen from thy byrth an open foe.
Go to, dispatche, and dye.
Thou hast deserued Death. Go, go,
vnto the Court the hie.
Therwith thy mother slaue triumphe
Reioyce as thou mayst do:
Whiche hast thy House encreased w
vnhappy Chylde: en so.

make

ŒDIPVS.

Make haste wth speede, away, som thyng
thy mischyses w^{orth} thy synde.
And on thy self wreke all the spyght
of thy reuengyng mynde.

Chorus.

Fortune y^e Dame of presēt lyfe
doth all thyngs chaūge at wil
& styrryng ſpl, procureth grief
suche myfers minds to fyll.
Which careful ar they^r states to kepe
when boystrous stormes do ryl,
And blustyring winds & daūgers depe
setts Death before they^r eyes.
Who saith he doth her sawnyng feeles
and chaūgerth not his mynde,
Whē fickle flight of fortunes wheele
doth turne by course of kynde.
Thes greuous Plags frō priuat hous
to Princely Thrones do flow.
And oft they^r minds wth cares thei fous
and thich vpon them strow.
Whole heapes of grief & dyre debate,
A wofull thyng to see:
A Princely lyfe to myfers state,
conuerted for to bee.

OEDIPVS.

Oedipus thy fatall fall,
thy dzedfull mischiefs ryght.
Thy dolfull state, thy mysery,
thy thzise vnhappy plyght:
These thyngs shal blase through all
what hart may the reioyce (wold:
At thy dystresse? I can no more:
my teares do stop my voyce.
But what is he that ponder stamps?
and ragyng puffs and blowes,
And often shakes his bered head,
some mischief great he knowes.
(What newes good sy? with you?)

The fyft Acte.

The fyft Scene.

Nuntius.

When Oedipus accursed wretche,
his fatall fals had spied,
(And mischiefs great.)
To Hell he damnd his wretched soule
and on the Gods he cried
for vengeaunce due. And posting fast
with frantik moode & grieufully hne,
Vnto his dolfull Court he went,
his thoughts for to pursue.

E.

Muche

OEDIPVS.

Muche lyke a Lion rampyng wyld,
 his furious head that shakes.
 And rooꝛs wth thundꝛing mouth aloud
 And often gnashing makes,
 None other wise this miser fared.
 A lothsom syght to see.
 Besydes hymself foꝛ very rage,
 he styll desyres to die.
 And rouling round his wretched eses
 with visage pale and wan:
 Ten thousand Curses out he powꝛes.
 Hymself the vnhappiest man
 Of all that lyue, he doth accownt:
 As instly he may doe.
 A wretche. A slaue. A Caytiffe byle.
 The cause of all his woe.
 And in this case enflamd with spite
 he cries, he stamps, he raves.
 And boyl yng in his secret thoughts
 he styll desyres to haue.
 All toꝛments vnder Son that may
 his Cares conceyued encreas.
 O wretched wyght, what shuld he do?
 What man may hym releas?
 Thus coming all foꝛ rage at mouth,
 with syghs, and sobs, and grones,
 His damned hed ten thousand tymes.
 as oft his werped bones

He

41

OEDIPVS.

He beats. And often puffing makes,
 and rooꝝs, and swels, and sweats.
 And on the Gods foꝝ death he calles,
 foꝝ Death he styl entreats.
 Thꝛee tymes he dyd begyn to speake:
 and thꝛyse his tong dyd stay.
 At length he cried out aloud:
 O wꝛetche Away, away.
 Away thou monstrous Beast he sayd:
 Wilt thou pꝛolong thy lyfe?
 Nay rather som man stryke this bꝛest
 with stroke of bludy knyfe.
 Oꝝ all you Gods aboue on me
 your flamyng fyers outcast:
 And dints of Thunderbolts down
 This is my Prayer last. (thꝛow
 What greedy vile deuouring Gripe,
 vpon my guts wyll gnaw?
 What Tigre fierce my hatefull lims
 wyll quight asundꝛe draw?
 Loe, here I am you Gods: Loe, here,
 wꝛeke now on me your wyll:
 Now, now you fyꝛy feends of Hell,
 of vengeaunce take your fyl.
 Send out som wild outrageous beast
 send Dogs me to deuoure.
 Oꝝ els all yls you can deuise,
 at once vpon me powꝛe.

C.ii.

D

OEDIPVS.

O wofull soule. O synfull wretche.
 Why dost thou feare to dye?
 Death only ridis frō woes y knowst.
 Than stoutly Death defye.
 With that his bluddy satall Blade,
 from out his sheath he drawes,
 And lowd he cryes. What now?
 thou beaſt? Why dost thou pawes?
 Thy father y haſt ſlayn. Thou, thou.
 Thou Cayteyf vyle.
 Thou wretch, y Slaue, y Beaſt, y doſt
 thy Mothers Bed defyle.
 And Brothers y haſt got. Nay Sons
 Sons: Thou lieſt: thy brothers all
 Thei ar. Thus for thy monſtrous luſt
 thy Countrey downe doth fall.
 And thynekſt thou than for al theſe yls
 enough ſo ſhort a payne?
 Thynekſt y the Gods wyll be appeaſde,
 yf thou ſor thwith be ſlayne?
 So many miſchiefes don: And iſt
 enough one ſtroke to hyde?
 Accowntſt thou it ſufficient payne,
 that once thy Blade ſhulde glyde
 Quight through thy guilty guts for all?
 Why then diſpatche and dye.
 So maiſt thou recōpence thy fa-
 thers death ſufficiently.

Let

O EDIPVS.

Let it be so. What mends vnto
 thy Mother wylt thou make?
 Vnto thy children what? These plags
 how wylt thou slake?
 That al for thee thy Countrey wafts?
 One push shall ende them all.
 A proper fetch. A syne deuys.
 For thee a worthy fall
 Inuent thou Monstrous Beast.
 A fall ene worthy for
 Thy selfe inuent: whom al men hate
 and loth, and do abhor.
 And as Dame Natures lawful cours
 is brooke thou wretche by thee,
 So let to suche a mischief great,
 thy Death agreyng bee.
 O that I might a thousand tymes,
 my wretched lyfe renewe.
 O that I myght reuiue and dye
 by Course in ordre dewe.
 Ten hundred thousand tymes & more
 Than shuld I vengeaunce take
 vpon this wretched pate. Than I
 perhaps in part shuld make
 A meete amends outright, for this
 my fowle and lothsom Syn.
 Than shuld I prooue of payn rezone
 the lyfe that I lyue in.

C.iii.

The

OEDIPVS

The choyle is in thy hand þ̃ wretche,
than bie thyne owne discretion.

And fynde a means, wherby þ̃ mayst
com to extreme confusion.

And that, þ̃ oft thou mayst not doo
let it prolonged bee.

Thus, thus, maist þ̃ procure at length
an endles Death to thee.

Serche out a death wherby þ̃ mayst
perpetuall shame obtayne:

And yet not dye. But styll to lyue
in euerlastyng payne.

Why stayst thou man? Go to I say:

What meane these blubbzyng tears

Why weepst thou thus? Alas to late.

Leaue of thy foolyshe feares.

And ist enough to weepe thinkst thou?
Shall teares and waylyng serue?

No wretche it shall not be. Thou dost
ten thousand deaths deserue.

Myne eyes do dally with me I see,
and teares do styll out powze.

Shall gushyng teares suffice? Not so,
I shall them better scowze.

Out w̃ thyne eyes, he sayd: And than
with fury fierce inflamd:

Lyke to a bludy ragyng frend,
and Monstrous Beast vntamd.

With

With fyer spotted cheekes
his brest he often beats.

And scratch, and teare his face he doth
and skyn asundze freats.

That scarce his eies in hed could stand
so soze he them besets.

With furpous fierce outrageous
he stamps & cries aloud: (mynd
And roos & rapls, w rampyng rage.

Thus in this case he stood,
Perplext, and bered soze in mynd,
with deadly sighs and teares.

When sodenly all franticklyke
hymself from ground he rears.
And rooteth out his wretched eyes.

And syght asundze tears.

Than gnasheth he his bludy teeth,
and bites, and gnawes, & champs,
His eies all bathd and brued in blood,
for fure fierce he stamps.

And ragyng more than nedes alas,
his eyes quight rooted out:

The very holes in bayn he scrapes
so soze the wretche doth dout:

Least syght shuld chaunce for to re:
he rents & mangls quight (mayn
His face, his eyes, his nose, his mouth
And all wheron his hands do lyght


C.iiii.

He

OEDIPVS

He rygs & ryues. Thus folowly rayd
alas in pyteous plyght:
At length his head aloft he lyfts,
and therewith gyues a thright.
And whan he sees that all is gone,
both lyght, and syght, and all.
Than schriching owte he thus begyns
vpon the Gods to call.
Now spare you Gods, spare now,
my Countrey prest to fall.
I haue done that you dyd comaund:
Your wraaths reuenged bee.
This wretched looke, this mangled
is fittest now for thee. (face,
Thus speakyng down y blakish blud
by streames doth gushyng flow
Into his mouth. And clotted lumps
of flesh the place doth strow
(Wherin he stands.)
Beware betymes, by hym beware,
I speake vnto you all.
Learn Justice, trueth, & fear of Gods
By this unhappy fall.

Chorus


 Our lyf to toblyng fatal cours
 of fortunes whele is rold.
 To it giue place, for it doth
 al swifely vncontrold (run
 And Cares & teares ar spent in vayne
 for it can not be stayed:
 But nedes must run the rated race,
 of Destenies all decreed.
 What mākynd bydes o? does on erth
 it cōmeth from aboue.
 Then wayling grones polord out in
 do nought at all behoue. (griefs
 Our lyf must haue her pointed cours
 Alas what shall I saye.
 As fates, decrees, so things do run.
 no man can make them stay.
 for at our byrth to gods is known
 our latter dying day.
 No Prayer, no Arte, not God himself
 may fatall fates resist.
 But fastned all in fixed cours,
 vnchaunged they persist.
 Suche ende them styll ensues as they
 appointed were to haue,
 Than flye all fear of fortunes chaūge
 seeke not to lpyue a slaue

C. b.

Enthzald

OEDIPVS.

Enthrald in bondage vble to feare.
foz feare doth often bryng
Destinies that dyled ben and mis-
cheyfs feard vpon vs flyng.
Pea many a man hath com vnto
his fatall ende by feare.
Wherfore set peuysh feare asyde,
and worthy courage beare.
And thou that Subiect art to Death.
Regarde thy latter daye.
Thinke no man blest befoze his ende
Aduyse the well and stape.
Be sure his lyfe, and death, and all,
be quight exempt from mysery:
Ere thou do once presume to saye:
this man is blest and happy.
But owt alas, see where he coms:
A wretche withouten Guyde,
Bereft of syght. Half spoyld, of lyfe:
Without all pomp and Pryde
(That vnto kyngs Estate belongs.)

The

OF DIPV S.

[The fyfth Acte.

The second Sceane.

Oedipus. Chorus. Iocasta.

V Well, well: Its don. More yet? Oedipus
No no: no more remainys
My fathers rites performed ar.
What God? on misers payns
That rues. Within this Clowd hath
A wrapt my wretched pate. (croud
Ah sy: this is a lyfe alone.
This is a happye state.
This is a case ene sy: for thee,
for thee thou wretche, for thee.
From whose accursed syght the Son,
the Stars and all do flee.
Yet mischiefs more who gyues to do?
The dzedfull daye I haue
Escapte. Thou fylthy Paracide:
Thou vile mischeinous Slane.
Unto thy ryght had nought thou coud
all thyngs performed bee.
Unhappy man that euer I lyued
this wretched daye to see.

Where

OEDIPVS.

Where am I nowe alas:
The lyght and all doth vs
Abhorre. This looke is fitt for the,
thou miserable *Oedipus*.

Chorus.

Se se, where *Iocasta* comes,
with speere and farpous moode,
Quight past her selfe. for very rage
she frets and wareth woode.
Lyke to sye *Cadmus* Mother mad,
who late her Son dyd kyll:
fayne wold she speake her mynd: for
alas she dares not: Syll (feare
she stayes. And yet all shamefastnes
these yls haue quight erild
(from out her wretched brest.)

Iocasta

fayne wold I speake, I am afrayd
for what shuld I the call
My Son? dowt not. Thou art my Son
My Son thou art for all
These mischiefs great. Alas, alas,
my Son is ashamed of mee.
O cruell Son. Where dost thou turn
thy face? Why dost thou flee
from me? from me thy Mother deare
Why dost thou shun my syght?
And leaue me thus in myserye
with Cares consumed quight.

Who

OEDIPVS.

46

Who troubles me? Let me alone.

Oedipus.

I thought not to be sownd:

Who now restozes myne eyes to me
my Mother, or my Mothers sownd?

Our labour all is spent in bayne,
now may we meete no more.

The Seas deuide those meetings bile
that we haue had befoze.

The gaping pearth deuyde vs both,
thone from thother quight.

Styll let our feete repugnant bee.

So shall I shun the lyght

(That most of all me greues.)

The Destenies ar in fault. Blame the. Iocasta

Alas, alas, not wee.

Spare now. Leane of to speak in vain Oedipus

Spare now O Mother me,

By these Kelyques of my dismem-
bered body I thee prape.

By myne unhappy Chyldzen pled-
ges left. What shall I saye?

By all the Gods I thee beseeche,

By all that in my name,

(Is eyther good or bad)

Let me alone. To trouble me,

Alas you are to blame.

D

OEDIPVS.

Isocasta

O wofull Soul **O** wretched hart
Why dost thou faint alas?
Why dost thou seek and toile in vain
these illis to ouerpas.
What meane these sighs and boiling
Why dost y^e pains refuse? (teares?
Thou mate of all his mischiefs thou,
by whose means only rues
The law of nature all: by whom
Ah, **A**h, counfounded lies,
Both god and man and beest and all
that either liues o^r dies.
Die y^e. dispatch atonce. thrust through
thy vile incestuous brest.
Not thou if god him self, if he
his flaming fiers should thro^w
On thee, o^r mischeifs all by heaps
vpon thy body strow
Couldst once repay dew payns
fo^r thy deserved pls.
(Thou filthy wretched: **T**hou wicked
Mother thou.)
Death death now best contenteth me
than seeke a way to dye.
So mayst thou yet at length find ende
fo^r this thy myserye.

O

47

OEDIPVS.

O Son lend me thy hand, yf that
 thou art a Paracide?
This labour last of all remainys:
 this labour thee doth byde.
Dispatche rid me thy Mother deare
 from all my wretched woe.
It wyl not be. No prayers moue.
 Thy selfe this deed must doe.
Take vp this sword. Go to. With this
 thy husband once was slayn.
Thy Husband? Thou termst him fals.
 Thy father he was. O deadly payn.
Shall I quight through my brest
 or through my throte it thrust?
Canst y not choose thy wound? Away
 dye dye, alas thou must.
This brest. This wombe. Than woud
 this, this, with thyne own hand.
Strike, perce, and spare it not:
 whiche both a Husband: and
 (The same a Son dyd beare.
 Alas alas, he is slayne, he is slayne, *Chorus.*
 dispatched with a push:
Who euer sawe the lyke to this:
 Se how the blud doth gush
 from out her wounded brest.
 (O heuy dolfull Case.)

Thou

OEDIPVS.

Oedipus

Thou God. Thou teller out of fates.
On thee, on thee, I call,
My Father onely I dyd owe,
vnto the Destenies all.

Now twayne a Paracide and more
than I dyd feare mischeuous
My Mother I haue slayne. Alas
I am the cause. Its thus.

O *Oedipus* accursed wretche,
lament thyne owne Calamitie,
Lament thy state, thy gryefe lament,
thou Caytife bozne to myserye.

Where wilt thou become alas?
Thy face where wilt thou hyde:

O myserable Slane, canst thou
suche shamefull torments hyde?
Canst thou which hast thy Parents slain
Canst thou prolong thy lyfe?

Wilt thou not dye? deseruyng Death
Thou cause of all the gryefe
And Plages, & dzedfull mischiefs all
that Thebane Cytie preas.

Why dost thou seeke by longer lyfe,
thy sorowes to encreas?

Why dost thou toyle and labour thus
in vayne? It will not bee.

Both God and man: and beaſt, and all
abhoꝛre thy face to see.

Q

48

OEDIPVS.

O Earth why gapst thou not for me?

Why do you not vnfold
Your selfs you gates of Hel me to re-

Why do you hence withhold (repue?
The spere infernall feends from me,
from me so wretched wyght?

Why breake not all the furies lose?
this hatefull hed to smyght

Which Plages: whiche them deserued

Alas I am left alone (hath

Both lyght, and syght, and comfort all
from me (O wretche) is gone.

O cursed hed: O wicked wyght,
whom al! men deadly hate.

O Beast what meanst y^e to lye
in this vnhappy state.

The Skies do blush and are ashamd,
at these thy mischiefs great:

The earth laments, the heauens weepe
the Seas for rage do freat.

And blustering ryle, & stormes do sty,
and all thou wretche for the:

By whose incestuous lothsom lust
all thyngs dysturbed be.

O night out ofcourse displaced quight
O cursed fatall daye.

O mischiefs great. O dzedfull tymes
O wretche, away awaye.

f.

Erple

OEDIPVS.

Cryle thy selfe from all mens syght
thy lyfe halfe spent in myserie.
Go ende: consume it now outright;
in this as great Calamitie,
O lyeng Phebe I haue done more
than my Destinie was to do.
With trebling fearfull pace go forth,
thou wretched Monster go.
Crope out thy wales on knees in
thou myserable slaue. (darke
So maist thou yet in tract of tyme,
due paynes and vengeaunce haue
for thy mischeuous lyfe: Thus thus,
the Gods themselves decree:
Thus thus thi fates; thus thus y^e skies
appoynt it for to bee.
Than headlong hence: with a mischief
O Captiue vile away: (hence
Away, away, thou monstrous Beast
Go. Kon. Stand. Stay.
Lest on thy Mother thou do fall.)
All you that werped bodyes haue,
with sykenes ouerprest:
Loe nowe I flye: I flye awaye.
The cause of your vncrest,
(I flye.)

Lyfe

49

O E D I P V S.

Lyst by your heads: A better state
 of Ager shall straight ensewe,
 When I am gone for whom alone
 these dreadfull mischiefs grewe.
 And you that now, halfe dead yet liue
 in wretched myfers case,
 Help those who present tormētts pres
 forth, hve you on apace,
 For loe, with me I carry hence
 all mischiefs vnder Skies,
 All cruell fates, Diseases all
 that for my sake dyd ryle,
 With me they go: with me, both grief
 Plage, Pocks, Botch, and all
 The pls that eyther now you pres
 or euer after shall.
 With me they go. With me, to me.
 These mates ben meett of all
 (for me.)

F I N I S.

Perused and allowed according to the
 Quenes Maiesties Instructions.

**Faults escaped in the
Pryntinge.**

In C. the .5. Page the .5. line reade in
the margent *Creon*. the same page the
6. line reade in the margent *Oedipus*.
C. the .8. Page the last vers for this
rede his C. the last Page the .7. vers
for where wilt thou become alas
rede where wilt thou now become
alas.

Imprynted
at London in Saint
Bydes Churchyarde:
oueragaynst the
North Doore
of the
CHURCHE,
by Thomas
Colwell.



